

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

magazine Page





This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the arrival in the Delaware, in 1788, of a French fleet and 18,000 soldiers under Rochambeau, sent to aid us in our struggle for freedom. The French thus helped the capture of Yorktown.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

tion picture by Cosmopoliton Productions under the masterly di-

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In." "The Seven Darlings," and Other

DON'T believe it matters much one way or the other," said Diana, but a certain curt quality in Her voice indicated that it had mattered a good deal.

"What have you and Tam been doing with yourselves?" she asked. But the question and the sudden charming smile that went with it were Tam alone.

"Well, we went all over the improvements with Grandma," sain nanners, "and we played some very violent games; and after lunch father went for a long walk, and when he came back we played more games, only very quiet ones. And then you came. And you? See anybody interesting in town?"

"A good many people I know; but I don't think that you would describe any of them as particularly interesting."

She rose with a distinct effort. "My legs feel like lead," she said. But in climbing the short flight of stairs to the upper hall she did not lean against the arm which Manpers had put around her waist. It was almost, he felt keenly, as if she didn't want him to touch her. At the door of her room she turned.

Changed a Lot.

"You don't really mind about dinrer, do you?" she asked. "I'm dead to the world." "I don't see why you should be so

tired, Diana."

his eyes, and Diana relented toward

The pain that he felt showed in

"Come and talk to me after din-

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he meets Ogden Fenn, the man with whom Diana is in love. He is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness tothe love of his daughter, Tam.

ner," she said. "I won't be half so tired then."

It was a placid talk, during which Diana, who had been reading a book when he joined her, was at no pains to disguise the fact that she was very sleepy. She yawned a number of times, laughed, and said that she was sorry but that she really couldn't help herself. He tried to interest her in the idea of a Newport summer and suggested that she take up the question of renting a cottage; but for once in her life Diana seemed to be rather down on Newport. It was a life that led nowhere; it was frightfully expensive; she had lost her enthusiasm for late hours and dancing.

Secretly, Manners was very much pleased. He had always hoped that she would one day tire of galety and extravagance, and of all other false values. He said that he was pleased, and even grateful. "But you've no reason to be grate-

ful," said Diana. "I've changed a lot since you went away; that's all. I didn't try to change. It just happened; so there's no occasion for gratitude. I can no more help being tired of parties than I could help being crazy about them."

"Well, then," he smiled, "I'll try very hard not to feel grateful. But you don't mind if I feel glad, do you?

The Story So Far

ing across, as if you'd made up your mind to live our life instead of just yours. Even if you don't love me, we've got an awful lot to fall back on, to look back on, haven't we?" She nodded, but did not answer. "You don't really believe that I

fell in love with you when you were only a little shaver, do you?" "Yes, I do, Frank," she said,

quickly. "I know how long you've loved me and how much." "It ought to count. It ought to

make life together easier for you." "It's the only thing that makes life together possible. You think that I always do just as I please; and that I have no consideration for your wishes; but you don't know how often I've given up things to please you; and how if it weren't for you I might not be any good at all-if I am any good."

Something Is Wrong.

He knelt by the bed, and took her in his arms and laid his cheek against hers. And it seemed for once as if she was glad to have his arms about her; but though he held his breath and listened he could detect no quickening in the action of her heart. Her gladness was that of a child who, after much traipsing and disillusionment, has found a safe refuge. "From now on," he said, "things

will be better with us. You are going to be patient and kind, not by fits and starts, but all the time." He felt her shoulders quiver. He drew back his head to look at her, and very swiftly she turned her face away. She had begun to cry.

He clasped her very tightly.

"Oh. Diana. darling, what does all you? Tell your best friend. Tell poor old Frank who's loved you so long and so faithfully. I know there's something. Please tell me."

But she only cried the harder, and he drew back and rose to his



Diana and Ogden Fenn, the Man She Really Loves.

feet, hi sheart numb with a sense of catastrophe.

sake tell me what is wrong! I know you too well to believe you This isn't the first time you've acted like this. . . . For God's sake, dear, tell me what is wrong!" "Won't you please leave me

Philip said. He was peering eager-

alone?" she said. "There's nothing

death, and the least thing makes + come about, if only she sticks to it. + The resolution seemed to have "There is nothing specifically ful for all of us .. . "

wrong?" A note of sternness had come into his voice. "There's nothing. - And, Frank, I'll be different tomorrow. I'll-

I'll do anything you want tomorrow-anything. I'm just so tired." Once more his voice was all gen-"Then get to sleep as quick as

ever you can, dear." He leaned over swiftly and kissed her. "And sleep

He put out the lights in her room and closed the door after him. He found his mother-in-law

reading the evening papers in the library. She was in a cool and restful mood and merely the casual. natural and good-natured tones of her voice soothed him, so that it was easily and with a smile that he said: Nothing but Nerves.

"I'm really worried about Diana.

me cry. . . .

She cries at the least thing. First she says that she's a reformed character, that she's going to be at home more, that she's going to be economical, that she's sick of gaiety; and then, instead of acting the happiness that reformed characters are supposed to feel, she cries." "It's nothing but nerves," said

Mrs. Langham. "Men never seem to understand that crying is not painful to a woman, but one of her greatest luxuries. When a man's nerves get on edge, there's really nothing he can do. But a woman can always cry. We like to cry. Diana has probably made up her mind to turn over a new leaf; she knows that it is soing to be very hard for her to do that, and so she

"But she says it isn't a decision. She says she has simply changed and that she deserves no credit." "It doesn't matter a bit," said Mrs. Langham, "how the change may

Life will be very much more peace-

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown

Here Soon at Leading Theaters

"Excuse me!" said Manners, suddenly. "I thought I heard her voice." He stepped quickly into the hall, and listened. He could hear her voice distinctly now, and it sounded cheerful. She was talking with someone on the telephone that stood at the head of her bed.

He ran quickly up the stair; but by the time he had knocked on the door she had finished telephoning and hung up the receiver. In her face there was no trace of recent tears. There was color in her cheeks, and her eyes looked very bright and shining.

"I heard your voice," said Manners, "and came up to see if there was anything the matter." "It was Ogden Fenn," she said, "to

ask how I felt. I saw him in town, and he said I looked so tired it worried him."

"His inquiries seem to have had a good effect," said Manners, a little dryly, "for you look quite like yourself again. Now do leave that receiver off, so nobody else can distube you, and go to sleep."

Rejuvenating Thought.

The alacrity with which she obeyed pleased him. And he went downstairs with good hopes for the morrow. But it annoyed him to think that another man's solicitude should afford her the pleasure which his own had been unable to supply.

Her thought that on the morrow she would be different, that she would refuse him nothing, was the happy thought upon which Manners fell asleep that night. And all the next morning it was never far from his mind. It was a rejuvenating thought, and brought him with a high spirit into whatever plans Tam had conceived for her own amusement.

Diana's long-hoped-for reform was by way of being accomplished. cost her dear; but she had made it, and it was actually to go into effect. With Tam in tow, he was in and out of her room a dozen times during the morning, interrupting; but always upon some pleasant and laughing excuse, her housekeeping, her sewing, her note-writing and her telephoning.

To Interest Diana. After luncheon, for the day had turned exceedingly pleasant, they went for a long walk, and for the first time since his return Dians

showed a desire to hear about his work and his California experiences. Since these latter had contained much that was odd and delightful, he did his best to be entertaining; to interest Diana and to make her laugh. "It's the best walk and talk," he told himself, "that we've had together in ever so long. Even if she doesn't love me, she is fond of me, and I don't bore her." It was not until they were half-

way home that the conversation took a more serious turn. Manners told her that, through his association with Californians, so many of whom were Roman Catholics, he had come to be a firm believer in confession. "I've often thought I'd like to

confess," said Diana, "but only to

a professional confessor; somebody who'd forget all about me as he turned away to take on the next sinner. But it must take a lot of practice before you can confess properly. I'm sure that I'd be always trying to put my case in the best possible light." "If you were going to confess," Manners laughed, "I'd like to substitute for the priest. I'd give anything I own, short of you and Tam, to know how your mind

works, and what you really think wrong and what you really -Copyright, 1918. International Magazine Co. (To be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Price of Tomorrow

THERE'S NO WAY OF CHEATING NATURE !

By Beatrice Fairfax. Occupies a Unique Position In OU can't dance till 3 in the

morning and come down to work fresh and eager at 9 next morning. You can't eat salad and ice cream and cake at 5 and bring much appetite to your 7 o'clock dinner. There has to be a sense of balance in all you do, or nature ad-justs the balance in her own way.

Don't you know plenty of girls who insist on trotting around all winter in thin silk stockings, laughing at their immunity to the colds that might beset other folks who didn't show due regard for keeping astonished and feel abused when the spring finds them constantly on the invalid list?

There's no way of cheating na-ture of her reckoning. She doesn't always collect the minute the bill falls due. It wouldn't be so bad if she did-for it's easier to reconcile yourself to paying for a bit of recklessness when the memory of its enjoyment is still fresh than it is be called to account long after the glow is gone and forgotten. In youth every one builds the

foundation of his house of life. Habits, reputation, education, health, all start piling up a cumulative mass when folks are young. in what is called truthfully the formative period. In youth you're training the



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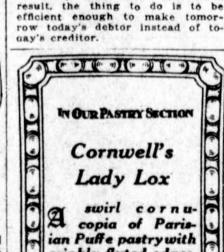
ever possess. You're building up the mind, which is to be an asset the Writing World he an Author- or handicap in life's struggle for back one misspent hour, nor yet live over one tawdry moment. In doing a business job, if your calculations go wrong you can start over and do the problem an-

other way. There's a waste of time and energy and often a sense of discouragement, but the thing tremendous satisfaction in the mere fact of having persisted. But in the process of living, it

is harder to head back from the wrong direction and start over. Habits form while you aren't on your guard. Drunkards and drug fiends aren't born-they are made. Congenital weaklings are sadly frequent, since we don't show much common sense about our race and its protection. But even a congenital weakling may amount to a great deal if he is properly educated, carefully trained and formed along lines of useful habits.

This doesn't mean that one who blunders must sit down and give himself over to hopeless weeping. It means that he must stop blundering, in full recognition that he has enough to pay off to nature already and doesn't want any more heavy debts to come along.

The same soul can even profit by his blundering if he looks squarely at his false steps and where they lead him, considers the wrong turns he's taken and proceeds to build with the wisdom of experience gained instead of sinking into the slough of weakness acquired. The thing to do is not to fool yourself. Recognizing clearly that for every cause in life there is a



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ian Puffe pastry with crinkly, fluted edges. Within, a heart of with Kelly, buff with navy. rich, golden-hued custard. Copiously glazed and dusted with sugar.

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never occurred to her, as it would have done to Kitty Arlington, to leave Philip to cool his heels for ten minutes or so. She came out into the hall to meet scious that she was looking her

She was wearing one of her new dinner frocks, made of soft filmy white tuile, and her sole ornament was a little diamond pendant which Philip had given her. taken great pains with her appear ance, she was so sure that Philip would notice what she wore to-

He smiled faintly as he saw her "Ready! Thank goodness you're not one of those who keep people waiting." He took her cloak from "Let me help you." He had not noticed the frock! She tried hard to hide her disap-

pointment.

"I think we're going to have a storm," Philip said. He got in be side her and tucked the rug round "There was a wire from Calligan this afternoon. He is coming down

on the 5:45. You wouldn't care to go round that way and pick him up. I suppose?" For the barest second Eva did not speak. She felt a sort of bleak hoped for from this drive together?

An Absorbing Romance

Philip . looked . pleased. He had forgotten that he had pro posed this drive together because he wanted to have her to himself CALLIGAN ARRIVES.

> they drove off. It was still raining heavily. The wheels of the car sent a little squashy stream of muddy water in their rear. "Warm enough?" Philip asked He stretched an arm in front of her and tucked the rug in more

> "You'll want a warmer one than this when we come back Her eyes brightened. "Are you going to drive me home?" she

"Of course." He laughed. you'll trust yourself to me after all the champagne I dare say I shall have to drink before the night's over. "I'm not afraid." He looked away

There was a little silence. "What were you wishing that night when I saw you talking to the moon?" young Winterdick asked suddenly.

She flushed sensitively. "I can't

tell you now-some day, perhaps."
"When we're married?" he ask-She did not answer. They were

in sight of the station.

The sportswoman is

ly ahead of him. "The train's in. I think. There's Banks with the runabout." He leaned forward and called to the man. "I'll take Mr. ailigan-you see to his baggage He stopped the car and got out. He looked much more cheerful as Several people stared at him interestedly. He looked a fine fig-

> lowed him with wistful pride as he went on and into the station. She was glad to do as he wished, and pleased to meet the muchtalked-of Calligan, but she had looked forward-oh, so much-to this little while along with him She had thought-she was half ashamed of her thoughts now as

ure of a man, and Eva's eyes fol-

After all, in another two days she would have him to herself. She need not be selfish and grudge him his friends, but he might have said something about her frock, she thought.

she sat there alone, with the rain

beating down on the hood of the

Philip was already coming back He was followed by a square-shouldered man in a long coat, who was laughing a great deal. She could hear his cherry voice. "Here we are," Philip said. "Eva, this is Tom-Tom, let me introduce

you to Miss Dennison." "Delighted!" Calligan hastily swept off the soft felt hat he wore. He looked at Eva with undisguised TOO GOOD FOR HIM

"Delighted!" he said. "I'm going to reverse the order of things and congratulate you. friend, you know." His eyes twink-"Perhaps, later on, I shall be able to sympathize with you, but

Philip gave him a playful kick. "Dry up, you old idiot, and get in. And don't crush Eva's frock ..." Eva laughed. She moved up closer to Philip to make room for Calligan. She looked at him interestedly. Not good looking, not nearly so good looking as Philip, but she liked his face, and she knew that she was going to like the man himself. "I've heard such a lot about you,"

"Really! I only heard about you when I got and invite to the dinner and wedding. His brown eyes searched her face critically. "Phil was alway a lucky dog," he said, with a sort of irrelevance.

They were laughing and talking happily together by the time they eached the Highway House, There was a strip of carpet laid down to the gravel walk and a

Eva's heart gave a little thump

striped awning overhead. The foot man hurried out when he saw the

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

ADVICETOTHE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years old, a good dancer and good-looking. I can play the piano, sing a little and keep house. But it is this that worries me: I have my idea of a Prince Charming, we might call him, and I some day I will meet him.

I would rather stay at home in the evening or go to the little movie around the corner by myself than go out with some of the so-called men of today. And yet my mother is always telling me to go ahead and have a good time and not be so particular. Now, Miss Fairfax, must I just go

on in my own way or must I go out whether I want to or not.
A LITTLE LONELY. Of course, do not go out with

any one whose company you do not enjoy. Life is too short to be bored and there are too many interesting people in the world. But how do you expect to meet Prince Charming if you do not care to you in a handbasket or sent through the mail. Enlarge your circle of congenial friends, and to do this

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Languages at Home PARENTS ARE CHIEF LANGUAGE TEACHERS

By W. A. McKeever. Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known Educator.

F your child should grow up with monkeys exclusively, it would speak the monkey language with some interesting variations. Of that you may be assured.

If it were Hottentot whose speech your growing child should hear. and that only, then his vocabulary would be almost entirely Hotten-

The child learns to speak the language which he hears spoken in ordinary conversation. If it is French, Mexican, bad English, good English, or what not the major part of the vocabulary he hears, imitates and habitually uses during the first ten or fifteen years will remain with him through life.

How important, therefore, that a speech forms, precise expressions and well-chosen sentences. Thus, perhaps without knowing the fact, parents are the chief language teachers. By the time

+ the child enters the school, at six or seven years of age, the quality

of his daily speech is largely fixed for his lifetime. There are certain simple rules which any careful parent may use in a home-instruction language course, and thus contribute a lasting benefit to the child, and these

may be enumerated about as fol-Clear Enunciation—Put tone and clearness into the words. "Baby talk" is largely a fault of imperfect

models or imperfect hearing. Re-peat the word or phrase sharply till you are assured that the child hears Full-Rounded Utterance — Round out your "ings," avoid elisions— "ain't," "shan't" and the like—prac-

tice the direct phraseology, and you will again be rewarded as above. Precision of Form—The habit of choosing words to fit the idea and to do justice to the occasion may also be made serviceable in language teaching. "An awfully nice day," "a terribly hard lesson" and the like are examples of the exwe must seek to avoid. The child will quite as readily learn to use such phrases as "very pleasant" and

extremely difficult."

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She hardly knew. She turned a smiling face to him. **MORE PRIZE**

RECIPES PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE. 1/2 cups sugar. ounces butter

4 eggs, omitting two whites for cup milk and water mixed. level teaspoons Rumford bak-

level teaspoon salt. 3 cups sifted flour. teaspoon vanilla. Juice of ½ orange. Cream butter and sugar until light, add the well-beaten eggs. Next add the milk and water, also the flavoring. Lastly add the sifted

minutes. Fill with the following filling. PINEAPPLE FILLING. 2 cups sugar. Small quantity of juice of lemon

or orange and grated pineapple.

flour with the baking powder and

salt. Spread in well greased layer-cake pans, bake about twenty

2-3 cup boiling water. Boil sugar and water together until it pours from the spoon in a thread (without stirring). Pour this over the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating while pouring. After this has been beaten almost stiff enough to spread add the orange juice and the pineapple. Beat e little while longer and spread.—Mrs. J. H. Hanlein, 531

> IF IT'S YOUR EYES DR. D. L. ROSE

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Paris Sport Costumes

planning her costume with more than a little thought this summer. For the golfer who would combine smartness and comfort the renascence of the blazer is a verita-ble godsend for with a white skirt-serge, linen or what you will -the striped blazer is just the thing. The model shown of white flannel, striped with cherry red, has a flat collar and revers and smart little applied pockets striped lateraltailored shirt of white crepe de chine and a perfectly plain, short skirt of white flannel, A snug-fitting sports hat of white felt, faced with cherry red satin and trimmed with felt pompons at each side, is as attrac tive as it is practical. A smart Parisian. turned out for tennis the other day, in the freck of French blue linen. It is built along lines that invite sudden and extreme mo-

tion, from the loose-

over the forearm to

of the sleeves

easily fitting



waist and wide skirt. Bands of white braid stitched with blue the frock and its satin lined flying searf, which in moments of action is confined at the back of the shoulder by snaps. A brim wide enough to protect the eyes, yet not to endanger perfect vision, is achieved in the hat of white felt, braided and faced with French blue